

SUMMER  
ISSUE  
No. 9

THE

# SPIRIT

SM  
#5



10¢

*throws* **FEAR** *into*  
**THE HEART OF CRIME!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN COMICS

THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

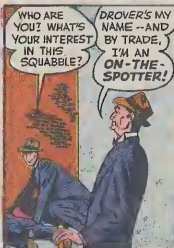
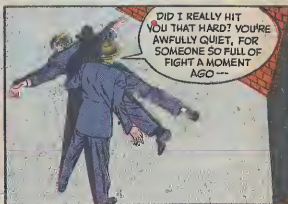
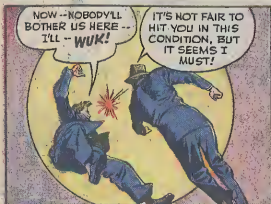
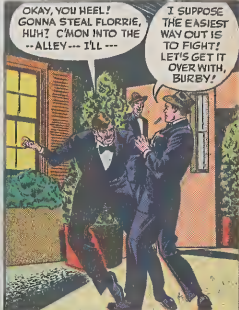
ACTION, LAUGHS <sup>AND</sup> THRILLS!

HIT  
COMICS  
NATIONAL  
COMICS

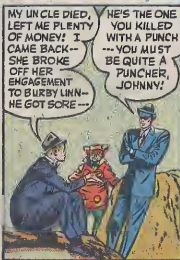
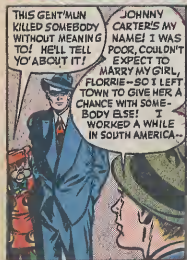
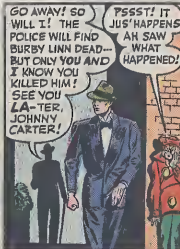
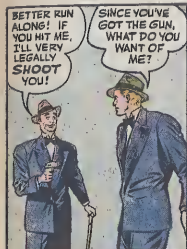
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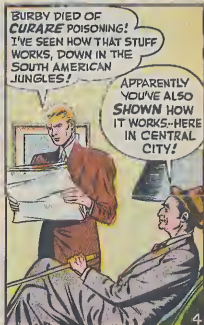
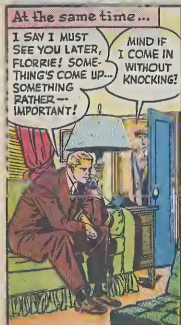
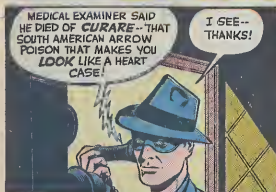
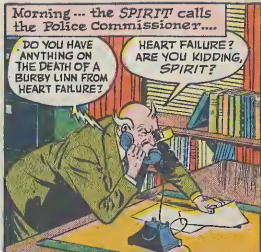
What a homecoming for Johnny Carter....



# The Spirit

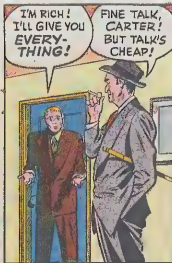


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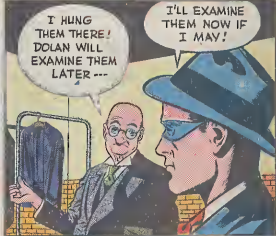
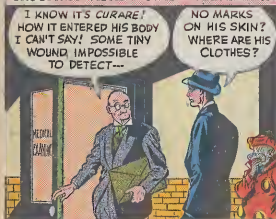




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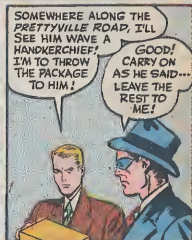
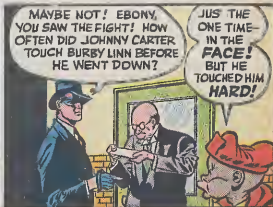
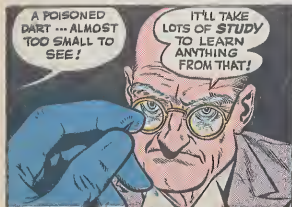


## The SPIRIT visits the Medical Examiner.





# The Spirit



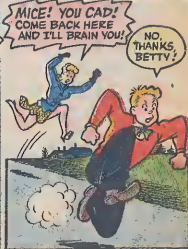
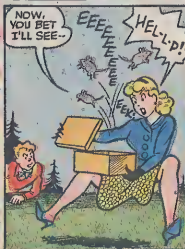
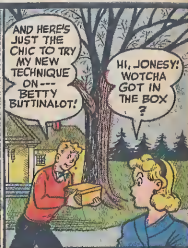
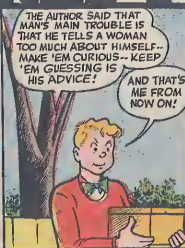
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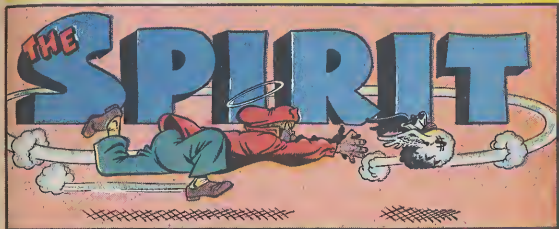




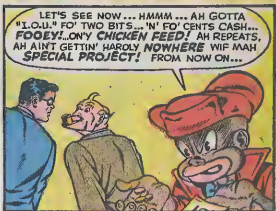
# JONESY

BH/DUB

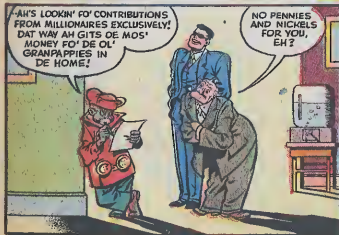




GOLLY... AH  
AIN'T GETTIN'  
NOWHERE!

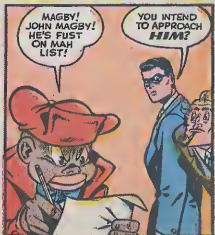


LET'S SEE NOW... HMMM ... AH GOTTA  
"I.O.U." FO' TWO BITS... 'N' FO' CENTS CASH...  
FOOEY!...ON'Y CHICKEN FEED! AH REPEATS,  
AH AIN'T GETTIN' HARDLY NOWHERE WIF MAH  
SPECIAL PROJECT! FROM NOW ON...



...AH'S LOOKIN' FO' CONTRIBUTIONS  
FROM MILLIONAIRES EXCLUSIVELY!  
DAT WAY AH GITS OE MOS'  
MONEY FO' DE OL'  
GRANPAPPIES IN  
DE HOME!

NO PENNIES  
AND NICKELS  
FOR YOU,  
EH?

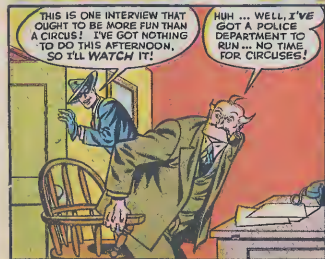
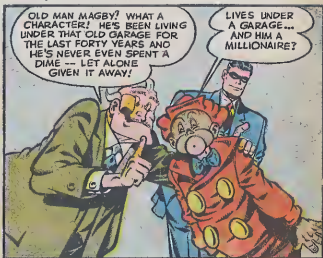
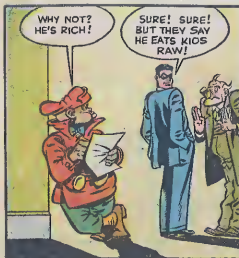


MAGBY!  
JOHN MAGBY!  
HE'S FUST  
ON MAH  
LIST!

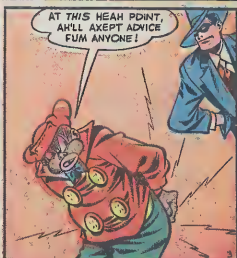
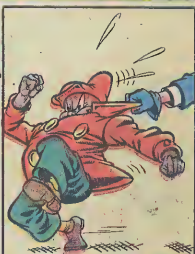
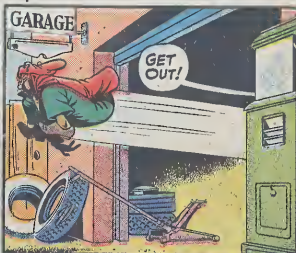
YOU INTEND  
TO APPROACH  
HIM?



# The Spirit

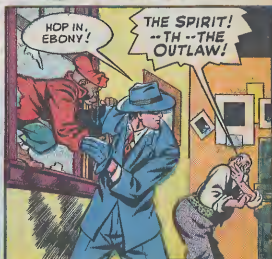


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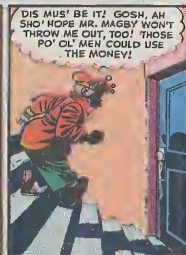




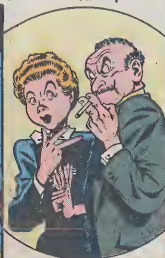
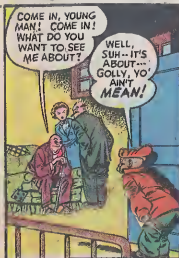
The Spirit



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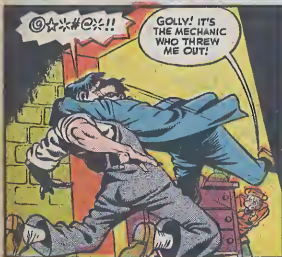


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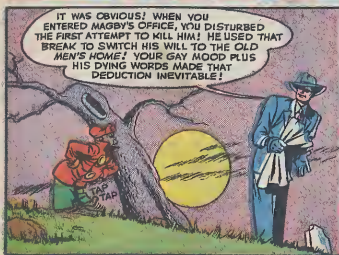
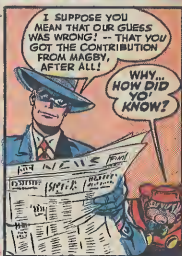




# The Spirit



# The Spirit

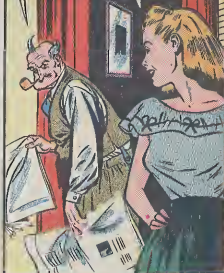




Not all Police Commissioner Dolan's discomforts are connected with the criminal world....

HANG IT ALL, ELLEN, WHY CAN'T I READ MY PAPER IN THE PARLOR?

BECAUSE THE SPIRIT'S COMING TO CALL -- AND IT'S HIGH TIME HE HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO ME IN PRIVATE!

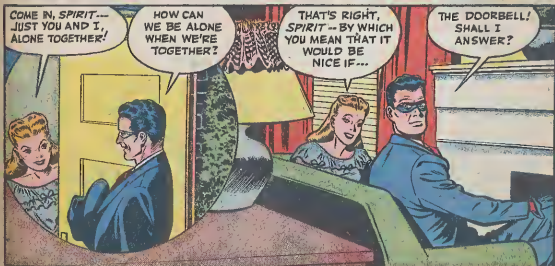


COME IN, SPIRIT... JUST YOU AND I, ALONE TOGETHER!

HOW CAN WE BE ALONE WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER?

THAT'S RIGHT, SPIRIT -- BY WHICH YOU MEAN THAT IT WOULD BE NICE IF...

THE DOORBELL! SHALL I ANSWER?





# The Spirit



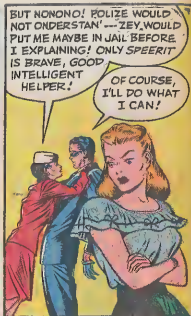
YES, MA'AM?—

I AM CARESSA -- I HAVE HEAR ZAT ZE SPEERIT MAY BE FOUN' HERE --- YOU MUS' BE HEEM!



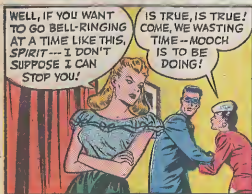
PLEEESE, SIR --- I AM IN MOS' DESPRIT TROUBLES! BAD MANS ARE THREATEN! PROTEC' ME, IF YOU PLEASING!

IF YOU'RE IN DANGER, MY FATHER IS POLICE COMMISSIONER--



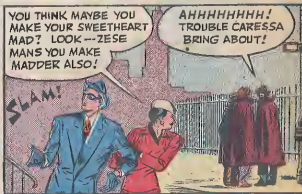
BUT NONONO! POLIZE WOULD NOT ONDERSTAN' --- ZEY, WOULD PUT ME MAYBE IN JAIL' BEFORE I EXPLAINING! ONLY SPEERIT IS BRAVE, GOOD INTELLIGENT HELPER!

OF COURSE, I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!



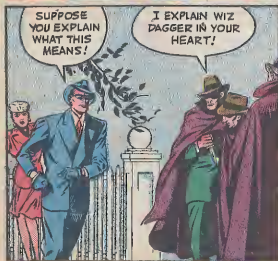
WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GO BELL-RINGING AT A TIME LIKE THIS, SPIRIT --- I DON'T SUPPOSE I CAN STOP YOU!

IS TRUE, IS TRUE! COME, WE WASTING TIME--MOOCH IS TO BE DOING!



YOU THINK MAYBE YOU MAKE YOUR SWEETHEART MAD? LOOK --- ZESE MANS YOU MAKE MADDER ALSO!

AHHHHHHH! TROUBLE CARESSA BRING ABOUT!



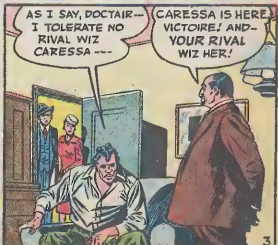
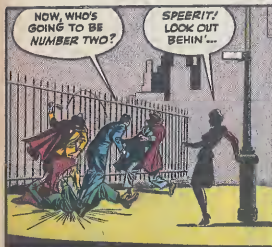
SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN WHAT THIS MEANS!

I EXPLAIN WIZ DAGGER IN YOUR HEART!

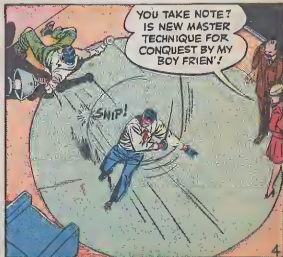
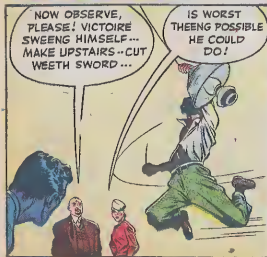
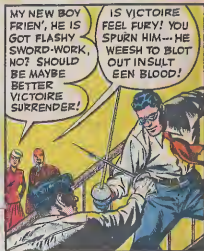


I HATE KNIFE-FIGHTERS!

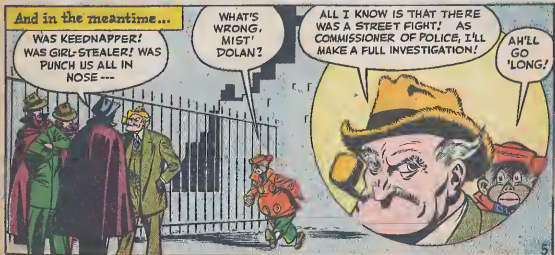
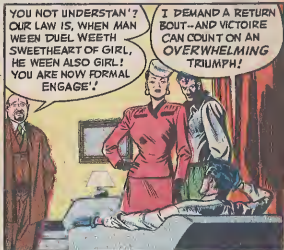
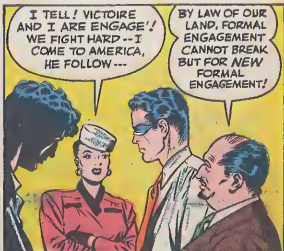
# The Spirit



# The Spirit







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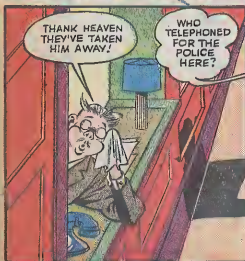
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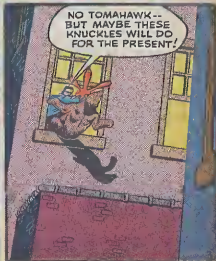
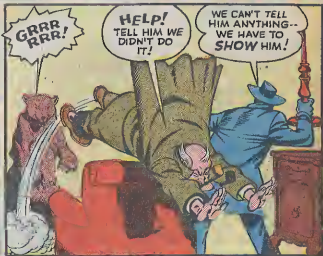




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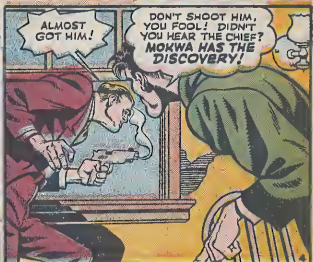
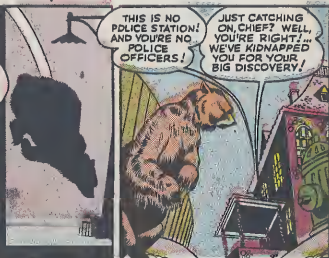
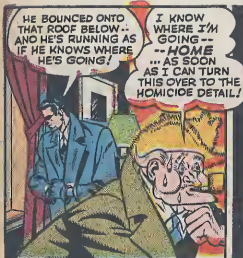


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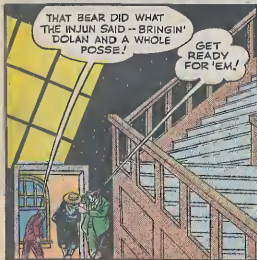
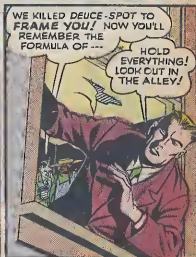
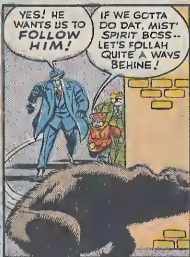




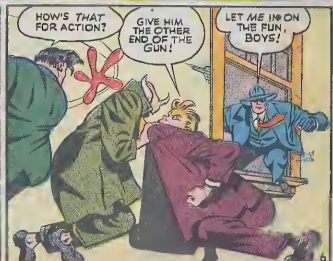
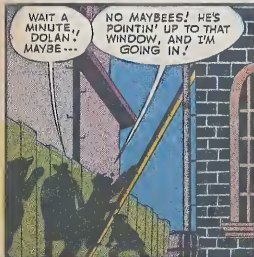
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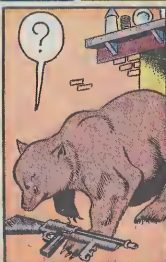
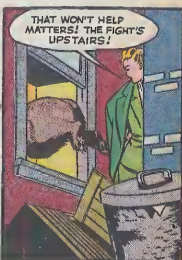
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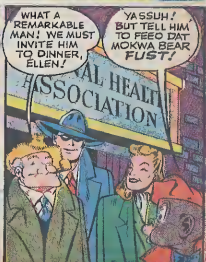
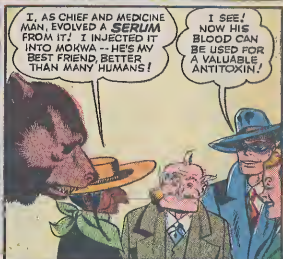
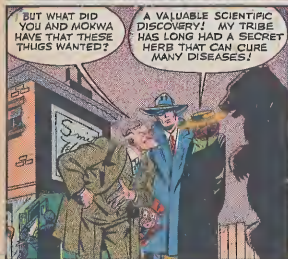


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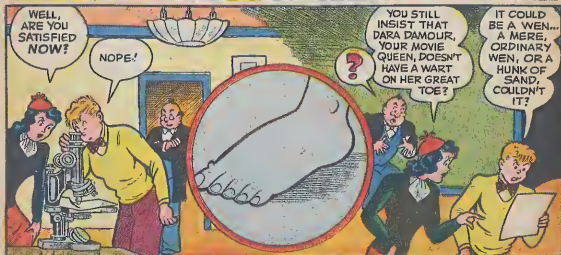
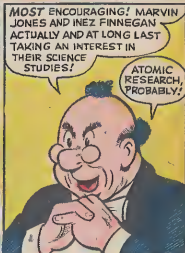
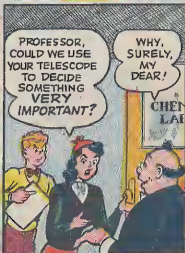


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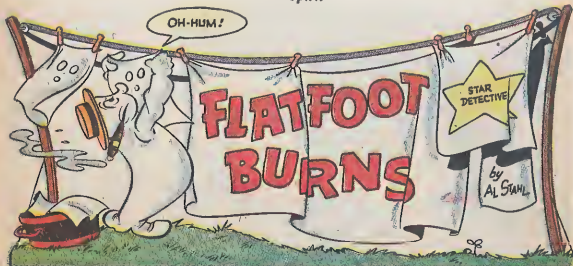


The Spirit

# JONESY



The Spirit

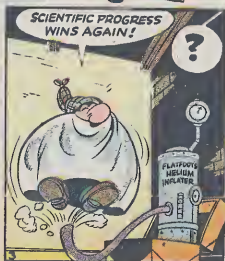
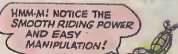


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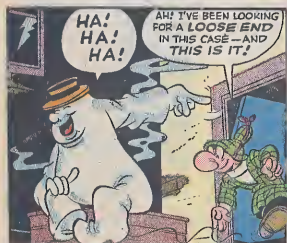
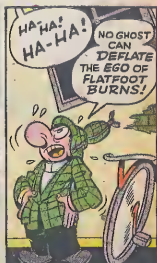




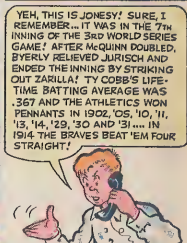
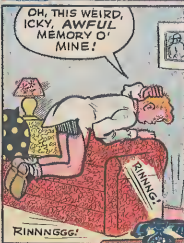
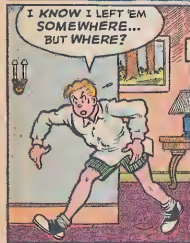
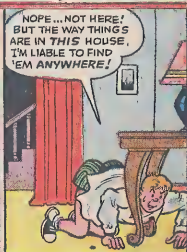
The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit  
**JONESY** By *DIB*



# Honorable DECEPTION

The old man was dying. There was no question about that. The doctors had given up. There was nothing now but to prepare the palace and the holy city of Yekka for the sacred burial.

Notices had been posted in the great palace, in the streets of the city. Around them big crowds gathered. There was muttering and ugly words against the white devils.

"It is they who have wrought this terrible disaster," they would say. "It is the white devils from across the sea. We must slay them!"

In the palace the native guards were muttering too. "The white devils. The infidels. We must drive them out!"

In the holy city of Yekka there was a whole settlement of white devils. They were mostly English, but a few Americans kept the place as lively as was possible.

Old Prince Yekem, who ruled the little Indo-Chinese country, was really a fine old chap. He liked the English. He liked the Americans. Especially one American known at Tody Brannon. Tody was a newspaper man from New York who had wandered to Yekka when the Japanese first began kicking up a fuss in Manchuria. He liked the country and he liked old Prince Yekem.

"We've got to save him somehow," he told the English doctors. "We can't let him die. If we do, there is going to be a native uprising. Then what?"

The doctors spread their hands in helplessness.

"Of course, that is inevitable, Tody," they answered. "But what are we to do? We are doctors, not miracle men. The old man is on his last legs."

"We'll get specialists. The money doesn't matter." Tody looked younger than his thirty-one years. He looked helpless and a little frightened right now.

"Where will we get the specialists?" one of the medics asked softly. "This is the middle of the jungle, Tody. It would take an English or American specialist weeks to get here. Long before that, old Yekem will be gone."

Tody, and of course the doctors too, could foresee the seriousness of a native uprising. Never trusted or liked at the best, the foreign

devils stood a good chance of losing their lives in a mass slaughter if the old ruler died.

And he was going to die!

"There are women and kids here, a lot of 'em," said Tody miserably. "Can't we do something?"

The medical men were closing their bags and preparing to leave.

"Tody," one said, "you stay close to the old man. He likes you. It'll make it easier for him in his last hours. . . ."

Yes, old Prince Yekem was dying, and the whole native population would start a war against all whites if he passed out. It would be a bloody but mighty short war. About 500 to one were the odds.

Tody paced the hallway and tried to think. A servant tapped him on the arm.

"His Highness wishes you in his room," he said. Tody hurried into the room of death.

The old man lay quietly, breathing evenly. Tody went to his bedside and took his hand. "It is I, Your Highness—Tody. How do you feel?"

The old man's eyes were open but he could not see. Blindness had come upon him in the last few days. His mouth moved.

"My son, my son! O Ilina, where are you?"

Tody started. The old man was out of his head, rambling. His son, Ilina. My gosh, Tody thought. Ilina was in a pretty fix. . . .

"Your son, Your Highness?" Tody said softly. "You want your son?"

The old man's head barely moved on the silken pillow. "My son, come to me. Come to me!"

As Tody withdrew his hand from the other's clasp and gently sneaked out of the room, the old man kept muttering about his son.

Tody hurried to the newspaper office and rounded several of his cronies.

"Listen, yon guys, we got a job. The old man's dying, but I believe that if he heard his son's voice—could actually feel the young scamp's face, he would get well. The thing has been preying on his mind the last two years."

Sterns, the city editor, whistled. "And what does our great reporter propose?" he said. "Does he propose breaking into the elink in Brisbane and flying back to papa with that ornery rascal of an Ilina?"



## The Spirit

Tody grimaced. "Poor humor, Sterns. No, I don't have any such crackpot scheme in my head. I'd suggest, however, that you lend every assistance to getting the old man well if possible—or would you delight in having your head resting on a tall pole?"

Sterns shuddered. "Gloomy Gus, eh? Well, go ahead, bright eyes, spill it."

"The old man's stone blind the last few days," said Tody. "And he's a little off. Not too much, y'understand, but a bit. We've got to find a chap who looks a lot like Illna and who'll play ball."

One of the reporters sniggered. "Are you kiddin'—Where would you find such a monkey as Illna?"

"I know who," said Packard, the police reporter suddenly. "The chief's son. He's a dead ringer for Illna! Why did that punk have to pull that job in Brisbane and get tossed in the pokey?"

Tody brightened. "Say, that's right. The chief's son—Kenu, isn't it?—he'll be perfect. Same build. Same face. Perfect!"

Sterns cleared his throat. "But how about the voice? Kenu sounds like a croaking duck. Illna has an almost feminine voice."

Tody pondered, frowning, then hit his fist on a desk. "Leave that to me, boys. Round up Kenu and get him here soon as you can. Scram!"

Tody went to his office and closed the door. He slumped into his chair. Illna had been a rounder, kept his father in a dither from the time he was a spike. Then he took off for Australia, and the next thing Illna was sent up for three years for helping to rob a bank. One of those thrill holdups. Illna had an enormous allowance from the state.

News of the son's plight had been kept from old Prince Yekon. A newspaper neeplumpe in Brisbane had seen to it that Illna wrote his father cheery letters of his great success in business there. No word about prison. And now Illna was impossible to get. And his father lay dying because he was not there.

Prison, Kenu would never be able to imitate Illna's voice, even though his appearance was very similar. Then the idea suddenly hit. Tody was picking up the telephone receiver when he heard shouts in the street. Already the natives were demonstrating. There would be trouble soon. Unless—

He got the call through to Brisbane and was soon talking to the warden of the prison. Tody spoke slowly (so that the warden could take it down) a nice speech. This Illna was to repeat over the hone.

"Is Illna available now?" asked Tody. The warden said that he was.

"Then please call him and have him ready at the phone. I'll hang on."

When Illna's voice came over the wire, Tody started a machine at his side. After acquainting the errant son of his father's plight, Tody said, "Now, Illna, say exactly what the warden wrote down. Catch?"

"Sure, Tody," replied Illna. "Here goes!"

For three minutes the pleasing voice of Illna came over the wire. When he was done, the two said goodbye and Tody hung up.

He banged out of his office with a package under his arm. Calling to a couple of the reporters to trail along, they caught a taxi outside and ordered the cabby to speed to the Palace.

Kenu was waiting there. A few changes on his face with makeup made him a double for Illna. He grinned as they stepped toward the prince's room.

"Just keep your lip buttoned, Kenu," Tody told him. "When I signal hold still. The old man will undoubtedly feel your face."

Then they were in the room. The old man was awake. When he heard footsteps, he called, "My son, are you here?"

"Yes, father, I'm here: I'll not leave you again."

Kenu sat down on the bed and the old man took him in his arms. "My son, my son!" he half sobbed, his hands feeling the lad's face tenderly.

"I heard you were ill," said the voice, "and I came fast as a plane could bring me. Now I'm here for good, father. No more roaming. You've got to get well. You will get well . . . and now I see the doctors coming to take your temperature. You must not talk any more. I'll see you in the morning. Good night, father."

The old man smiled and drew a deep breath. "I shall live now! I shall live," he said with some strength.

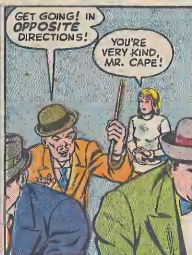
The doctors didn't take his temperature. They only looked on with wonder, marveling at the ingenuity of this young reporter and his phonograph.

"But the morning—how will you—" one of them began.

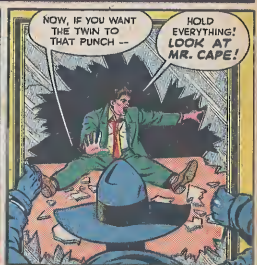
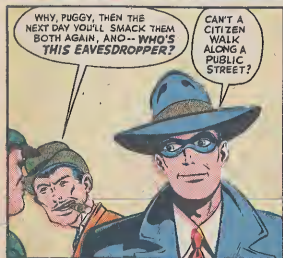
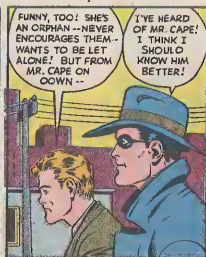
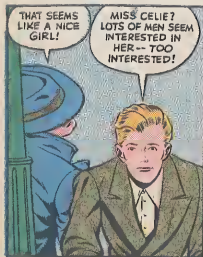
Tody smiled. Kenu will be here, just like Illna said on the record. "Tonight we'll record another conversation from Brisbane. We'll keep it up till Illna is released, which is in two weeks. By then the prince will be well and hearty."



# The Spirit

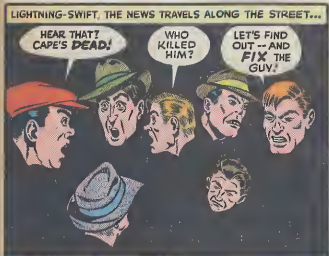


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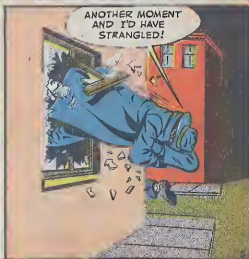
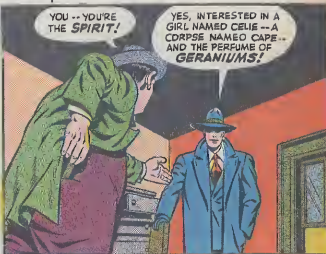




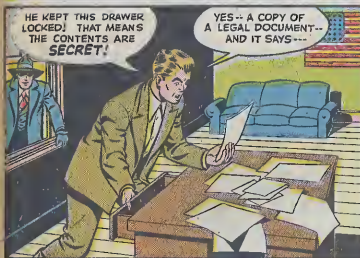
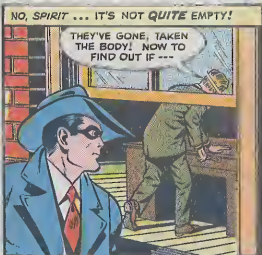
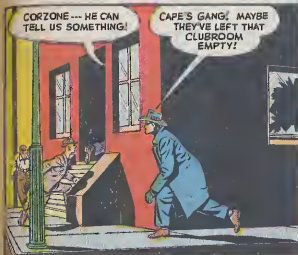
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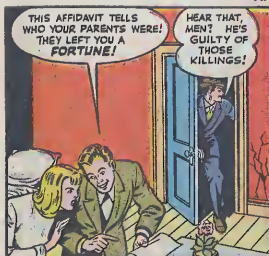
# The Spirit



# The Spirit

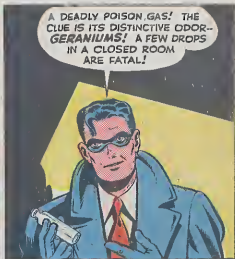


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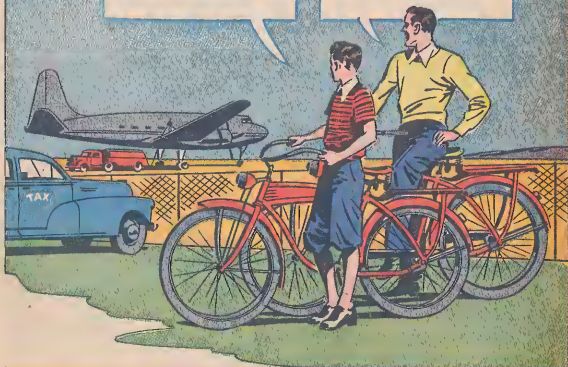


# The Spirit



"Gosh Dad, you mean  
Bendix Brakes  
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds  
brakes for all types of  
planes, cars and trucks!"



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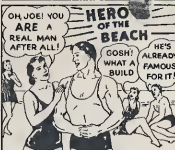
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

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# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## "OUTWITTING The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTIN'  
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM  
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!



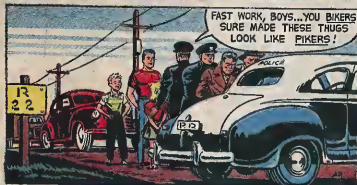
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!

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America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



"I CAN STOP FASTER--EASIER--  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY  
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?